

## **David Cassidy is so fucking hot by grabmyboner**

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**Summary:**

“Want me to suck your dick?”

Steve finally looks at him. Billy moves back a bit and smiles.

“No,” Steve says.

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Anonymous asked:

prompt: "Get up." "Fuck you."

## **David Cassidy is so fucking hot**

Steve hasn't said a word since they got in the car. Not when they arrived at the Harrington mansion. Not when Steve sat on the floor of his room, back against his mattress and a comic book Dustin gave him in his lap.

Billy isn't really sure what's wrong. He thinks he may have done something, but he's not sure what.

He's still learning the etiquette of a relationship. He's never been in a real one. Sure he's had some long term flings back home, but they were never exclusive. Feelings may have developed but they were never more than a private crush he thought of late at night, imagining the pillow he's hugging is the warm body of Mateo Rodriguez.

So he's not sure what he's done wrong.

"Do you want to go see that new horror movie tonight? Heard it's super gory. See some guys guts get ripped out."

Steve doesn't look up when he sighs out "No," and turns the page of the comic book.

Billy is standing in front of Steve, looking down at his mop of hair that is greasy from how many times Steve has run his hand through it today.

He toes at Steve's foot, shaking his leg a little, "What do you wanna do then?"

Steve doesn't answer.

Billy sighs and sits down cross-legged in front of Steve, his index finger pulls the top of the comic down so he can see Steve's face.

"What's wrong?"

No answer.

“Are you angry?”

No answer.

Billy puts his hands on Steve’s knees, pushes his face into Steve’s line of view, blocking the comic.

“Want me to suck your dick?”

Steve finally looks at him. Billy moves back a bit and smiles.

“No,” Steve says.

Chewing at his bottom lip, Billy thinks back on everything he’s ever done that might have made Steve mad at him. He can’t think of anything he hasn’t already been in trouble for.

“C’mon, *get up.*”

“*Fuck you.*”

Okay, Billy thinks, Steve is definitely mad about something.

He grabs at the comic still in Steve’s lap and places it out of Steve’s reach.

“Hey! Asshole!” Steve grumbles, crossing his arms like a literal child.

“What did I do?” Billy demands.

Steve’s eyes are staring at his own feet, not meeting Billy’s. He huffs out a sigh and finally looks back up at him.

“You said David Cassidy was hot.”

Billy blinks and laughs a little only to see that Steve is not joking.

“What?” He asks.

Steve traces his bottom lip with his tongue and shrugs slightly. “In the car, you said David Cassidy is ‘so fucking hot’...”

Billy actually laughs this time.

“Fucking hell,” Billy smiles, “You knucklehead, ever think I find David Cassidy hot cause he looks like you?”

Steve frowns, it’s his turn to be confused. “What?”

“The hair?” Billy reaches up and pushes Steve’s hair back, “those big doe eyes, pale skin, perfect for marking up, y’know?”

Steve pushes his head into Billy’s hand slightly, “Yeah?”

Billy laughs and pulls Steve forward by his hair, “Yeah.” He says against his lips.